

NUMBER 417.

members to initiate.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1887.

When a negro weds a white woman it looks like a clear case of black mail.—*Duluth Paraphraser.*

All heirs are interesting, but the most interesting is the million heir.—*New Haven News.*

"She," as dramatized, collapsed in Philadelphia. The leading lady did not look haggard enough.—*Buffalo Times.*

If a man really desires to discover how popular he is as a speaker let him charge 50 cents admission.—*Boston Globe.*

A new magazine, called *The Age of Woman*, is announced. It will never be given away, of course.—*New York World.*

A good many modern ladies who can't bear to do any housework can be easily enough to attend a ball.—*Duluth Paraphraser.*

Monkeytown is the name of a new postoffice of Yazoo county, Mississippi. Doubtless, the postmaster could untold a tale.—*New Haven News.*

Mrs. Jones—"Don't trouble to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith." "Mrs. Smith—"No trouble. Quite a pleasure I assure you."—*Ex.*

The counterfeiter, no matter where he goes, is seldom well lodged. At least it is believed that wherever he is he has bad quarters.—*Boston Courier.*

Prof. John L. Sullivan bought \$40,000 worth of United States bonds in London the other day. Sullivan made his money by hard licks.—*Savannah News.*

Highwayman—"Throw up your hand!" Physician (absently)—"It's out of the question, sir. I haven't an emetic of any kind with me."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"It does seem to me as if these colleges are never satisfied. Here are the students at Yale kicking again." "What are they kicking about now?" "Football."—*Puck.*

Everybody knows what a bee-line is. It runs in a circle around clover patches and finally makes its way to a hollow tree in the swamp, where the honey is deposited.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Boston husband (to wife)—"The arrival of Ramesses II. seem to have created quite a sensation in town." Boston lady—"O, John, couldn't you arrange to have him to dinner?"—*New York Sun.*

"How it all comes back to me," murmured the poet sadly, as with practiced fingers he estimated the thickness of the portly package of MSS; which he has just taken from the postoffice.—*Ex.*

At the races, a close finish: Mahol—"Did the horse with the red and blue man win?" Arthur—"Wait till the judges see which horse they've got the most money on and I'll tell you."—*Birmingham Record.*

Patrolman O'Kash (who has brought home his night stick for the first time)—"Where's me club?" Mrs. O'Kash—"Club is it?" Sure. O'Kash thought it was an old time Ditch sash; and it's bilin' it is.—*Puck.*

"What do you think of my week-old whiskers?" he asked proudly as he coaxed them gently to stay in sight. "They look like weak old whiskers," she answered with a cruel intonation of scorn.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Your bill has been running a long time," indignantly remarked the butcher to Slowpate the other morning. "That's bad," remarked Slowpate, sympathetically. "Why don't you let it walk?"—*Washington Critic.*

Artist (spending a month in the country)—"My dear Mrs. Purpleblossom, you are so beautiful. Wouldn't you like to have me do you in oil?" Mrs. Purpleblossom—"Do you take me for a sardine?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

"I see that Washington City dealers are laying in large quantities of corkers," remarked Mrs. Snaggs. "What do you suppose they are for?" "O," replied Snaggs, "they are getting ready to open congress."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Caller (to Flossie, whose mother has recently married the second time)—"Well, Flossie, how do you like your new papa?" Flossie—"I don't like him quite as much as I did at first. I'm afraid he isn't going to wear very well."—*New York Sun.*

Amateur actress (rehearsing)—"You must not say 'out' when you return from the state, Mr. Sissy." Amateur actor (triumphantly showing her the book)—"That's what the book says, Miss Gushington." Amateur actress (convinced)—"Why so it does."—*Epoch.*

A man, being requested by a friend to buy him some books, forgot all about the matter till he accidentally met him; then, in his confusion, he endeavored to "set matters straight" by nonchalantly remarking: "By the way I never got the letter you wrote about those books."—*German Paper.*

Chicago and Atlanta, acting conjointly, have struck a great business scheme. Atlanta makes cotton-seed out of land and Chicago makes land out of cotton-seed oil. The possibilities of this scheme in the way of "furnishing employment" to labor are absolutely unlimited.—*Boston Globe.*

At a restaurant: Irate customer—"Waiter, look here; this isn't a beefsteak; it's a paving-stone. I call it." Waiter hurries up and courteously remarks: "O! we thought we might safely offer it to monsieur." "How so?" "Because monsieur has such a splendid set of teeth."—*La Gaitie.*

"How many birthdays do you think I have had?" one person was heard to say to another in the horse-car. "O, about forty-seven," answered the person addressed. "Only one birthday the rest have been anniversaries," was the explanation, and the car suddenly stopped.—*Hartford Religious News.*

"Do you not wonder sometimes," asked a young writer of a friend, "how I manage to turn out so much poetry for the press?" "No," replied the friend, "ever since I saw a man throw a Somerset over eleven elephants at the circus last week I have been of the opinion that nothing is impossible."—*New York Star.*

Mrs. Geggaw must be a woman who suffers great distress," remarked Mr. Port, as he observed the lady in question exhibiting a very profuse array of jewelry. "She hasn't that reputation, sir," replied Mr. Oracle; "why do you infer so?" "Merely from the way she rings her hands," was the response.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

JIM BOULDER'S MISTAKE.

A Pleasant Story of New Jersey Life.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The windows of the railway car were open. There was a breeze stirring; and though a cloud of dust was blown in, it was also blown out, with the exception of a tired portion which stopped to rest on the clothes of the passengers, or burrowed for its own safety in their ears or nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Pankech station two persons came in to fill them. One of these was an old man—on a second look, he was probably not over 50—with iron-gray hair, partly covered by a slouch felt hat, and clad in a new suit of gray stuff that seemed to have been made for some one else. With him was a young and very pretty girl, whose dress was of ordinary stuff, but well-fitting, and who was well-gloved and well-shod.

The observer would set down the two for a well-to-do farmer and his daughter, who were traveling for business or pleasure. The man looked around. The two vacant seats were on opposite sides of the car. In one of them sat a young, well-dressed, and apparently self-satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a handbag of crocodile leather and a spring overcoat. In the other was another young man, not quite so extravagantly dressed, though neatly clad, and not as handsome as the first, though he had an open intelligent countenance. The farmer looked around, and motioning his daughter to the vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you, Lucy." Then, turning to the young man with the satchel, he asked: "Seat engaged?"

The young man looked up, curled his lip superciliously, and said, "Man to fill it'll be here presently, I dare say."

"Ah!" said the farmer, coolly removing the gripsack and overcoat, and placing them on the young man's lap; "then I'll occupy it until he comes." And he seated himself accordingly, while the young man glared at him.

The one on the other side looked amused; and then, rising, said: "You had better exchange seats with me, sir, and then the young lady and yourself will be together."

"Thank you," was the farmer's reply; and the exchange was quietly effected.

The two young men were evidently acquainted; for the courteous one said to the other, in a low voice: "Jim Boulder, you made a mistake there."

"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling," replied the other. "I dare say you'll make your fortune some of these days by being polite to the granger population; but my fortune is already made."

The first speaker said nothing more, but drawing a paper from his pocket, opened and ran his eye over its columns.

Bolling yawned a little, and at last said: "This is too dull for your faithfulness, James Boulder. I'll go into the smoking-car and take a whiff. Have a snifter?" he inquired, producing a pocket-flask.

"No, thank you," replied Bolling. "That stuff is rather too fiery for me."

"Here goes alone, then. That's as fine brandy as ever crosses the ocean. Day-day! Keep an eye to my traps, will you?" and don't give up my seat to every country yokel who asks it."

The elegant young gentleman shook himself, and made his way forward to the car especially provided for fumigation.

When he had gone, the old man leaned over the arm of his seat and addressed Bolling.

"Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend who has left say that his name was James Boulder?"

"That's his name, sir," replied the young man; "but he is not exactly a friend of mine though we live in the same place, and I know him very well."

"May I inquire where he is from?"

"Yes, sir, Carleburg."

"Son of Peter B. Boulder, the great pork packer there, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"His father should deal with him. It would be quite in his line."

"Oh, Papa!" said a sweet, reproachful voice, as those near who heard the colloquy flattered.

"It's a fact, Lucy," rejoined the farmer.

The old man, who was evidently intelligent, entered into a general conversation with the younger, and soon showed that he was quite well informed. Bolling was glad of a conference so entertaining, especially when, as his eyes were bent in that direction, he saw the young lady was an interested, and he hoped, a pleased listener. There was something very sweet in the expression of her countenance—an unmistakable impress of modesty and innocence on her features. They chattered away, and the elder, so dexterously that the younger never perceived it, drew out of the other his position, prospects and intentions.

Bolling was frank by nature, and the questions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenious, were craftily put. The sharp granger soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the study of the law; but that his father having met with reverses, and having two younger daughters to educate, the young man determined to make his burden less, and had set out to support himself, abandoning his law studies, and taking a situation as salesman at a country store in Griffon, a thriving town about five miles from the main line.

"I get but a beggarly pay, of course," said Frank, gayly. "I am only a raw hand; but I have a promise that, when I am better qualified, my wages will be increased."

"You are rather a singular person," said the farmer, bluffy. "Most young men would have talked of their salary."

"I rather prefer the old style of English," said Bolling. "I am to be a hireling; and the compensation of a hireling is called wages. But wages or salary—the terms are indifferent to me."

My place is within a mile of Griffon," said the old man. "I have a notion that I knew your father once. Wasn't he at Harvard, in his time?"

"Yes, sir, and so was I. We are alumni of the same school."

"I wonder if he remembers his old chum there—one George Carter—George St. Leger Carter, as they have it on the rolls."

"Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of him often, though the two have drifted apart since then. Judge Carter you mean. He lives at Griffon. Do you know him?"

"Um! yes—! After a fashion." "Papa!" whispered the young girl; but Bolling's quick ear caught her words; I know the judge better than you do."

"Be quiet, Puss, will you?" replied her father, in the same tone.

"I am told," resumed the young man, "that he has left the bench, and though quite wealthy, has gone back to the bar. I have a letter for him which my father, recalling their youthful friendship, insists on giving me; but I shall not present it."

"Why not? He might be of service to you."

"Scarcely, sir. You see, if I am to be a salesman in a country store, I had better accommodate myself to my position. The judge, even if he remembered old college friendships, wouldn't be likely to consider me a welcome addition to his family circle as visitor. He is rich; and then he is said to have a very handsome and accomplished daughter, who would, no doubt, look down on me. I have my bread and butter to earn, and had better confine myself to it."

"Possibly you are right. But how came your father to lose his money? I thought he inherited a fine fortune."

"Yes, sir; but he was drawn into incuring responsibility for a relative. He is not ruined by any means, but is merely hampered, and thinks he will pull through in time with a little economy and prudence; and I have no doubt he will. But I am only in his way, or I would have remained."

"Have you ever thought of trying farming?"

"No, sir. I have no capital, and know nothing of it."

"Do you know more of selling groceries and dry goods?"

"Not a bit more; but, you see, I am paid something there while I learn."

"Your friend, or your acquaintance, as you call him, goes to Griffon, too—does he?"

"Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different capacity. I believe he represents his father in some transaction about property with the judge, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation, and take in the judge's daughter. Though that is impertinent of me, for he has said nothing on the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be able to pick and choose at his pleasure?" inquired the girl, looking quizzically over her father's shoulder.

"He can be very fascinating when he chooses, I am told," replied Bolling; "and as he is handsome, an only son, and his father worth millions, he is at least what elderly ladies call 'a good catch.'"

"He puts up his fascination along with his courtesy, I suppose, and leaves both at home when he travels," said the girl.

"Lucy! Lucy!" cried her father, "some thoughts had better be left unsaid."

The conversation turned into other channels. But the old farmer still pursued his queries in the most artful way. There is a strong thirst for information in the rural mind, but in this instance it seemed to be personal.

At last the elegant Jim Boulder came back from the smoking-car, with a strong nicotine aroma shedding itself from his person. He brought something more with him. His voice had that thickness which told of the draining of his pocket-flask. He was jolly and confidential.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said, "to have left you so long. Been bored to death for want of company, haven't you?"

"Oh, no! I have enjoyed a very pleasant conversation with our genial neighbor over the way."

"Genial! Well, of all the queer chaps for picking up all low acquaintance, you beat 'em, and give 'em six in the game."

"Sh! They'll hear you."

"Let 'em, who cares? Going to stop at the Junction?"

"No; there is a one-horse sort of connecting train, I learn, and I shall push on to Griffon at once."

"I shan't. I'll lie over a day. I'm sort of worn out, and I'll come over tomorrow as fresh as a daisy. Hope you'll have a good time among the cheese and candles. I intend to look in on you before I leave, and see how doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour."

"Thank you; you're very kind."

The brakeman craned his neck in the door, and uttered some sounds, apparently "Griffin Junction," which the experienced ear understood to be Griffon Junction, and the traveler for that point left the cars. Boulder made his way, with his luggage to the little hotel there, while the farmer and daughter followed by Bolling, made theirs to the single car, with a little superannuated engine attached, which stood waiting. There were no other passengers, and the three had the car to themselves.

"Come over here, Mr. Bolling," said the old man, after the car had been in motion a while. "I want to talk to you a bit. Turn down that seat. That will do. You said you had a letter for Judge Carter, and didn't intend to deliver it."

"Yes, sir."

"Did it never occur to you, young man, that it was your duty to obey a father's orders?"

"I trust, sir, that I am usually obedient. It was not a positive order. I shall write to him and explain."

"I tell you that you should deliver that letter to its proper owner. You are only a trustee in the case. I am Judge Carter, and this is my daughter, Lucy. Hand over the paper to the court."

"I beg pardon, sir; but I"—

"You want identification. Here, conductor! Tell this young gentleman who I am."

"Judge Carter," responded the functionary, a little curious to know what it was all about.

"Thank you, Phillips. That'll do. Now, sir."

Bolling, not a little astonished, took the letter from his pocket-book.

"If you'll permit me," said the judge, as he opened the letter, and glanced over the contents. "He gives you a good character, and wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father and I had such good times in the old days. How long did you read law, Bolling?"

"A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir."

"Whom did you read with?"

"Spence & Sullivan."

"Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy; that's his way. Now, I've been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way and I think you will do. Let old Bragg find another salesman. He's not dying for you, and I can get him a substitute. I have two students in my office. What they are there for is their own business, but they'll never make a great success at the bar unless they change their ways. I want a clerk to manage my office, and to boss around while I am off on a circuit. I'll give you a living salary—not too much, and you can read law meanwhile. You ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out as I hope you will, why, when you get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done. What do you say to it?"

"Say to it, sir. What can I say but yes, and thank you for the offer."

"Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there's our carriage. Give your checks to John there, and he'll bring your luggage to the house, along with ours. Show your gallantry, and hand Lucy into the carriage. Jump in. I'll drive."

The next day James Boulder, Esq., made his appearance at the Carters' in a state of elegance, only matched by that of Captain Cuttle's famous watch—never equalled, and rarely excelled. He was ushered into the drawing-room and received by a young lady, whose style suited even his fastidious taste, and whose features had a dim familiarity. When the judge came in, the young man's recognition of the farmer in the cars was complete. He stammered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," said the judge. "Let all that pass. You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you, meanwhile."

In the office Boulder found Bolling, who was busy at work on a declaration.

"Why, Frank, I thought you were going into the grocery business."

"I've changed my mind," replied Frank, resuming his work.

James Boulder stayed his week out, and then took the cars to Carleburg.

Frank Bolling did not make the same trip until two years after. When he went to visit his father, who had got over his pecuniary troubles, and to see his sisters. He had been admitted to the bar meanwhile, and Judge Carter, whose favorable impressions time had confirmed, had taken him into partnership. He had gone into another partnership, just before he left. He was in high spirits on that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter, that had been, Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his travelling companion.—*Thomas Dunn Elgish, in Independent.*

Origin of a Trade Mark.

The origin of the curious trade marks and titles which distinguished so many and various articles of merchandise would make an entertaining subject for a magazine writer. A well-known newspaper man narrated to me the following anecdote of his connection with the nomenclature of a certain brand of tobacco:

"The head of a large firm which was about to put a new smoking tobacco on the market asked me to think up a name for it. I cogitated over it all night. This was a good many years ago, when trade marks and such things were much rarer than they are now, because the industrial development of the country was insignificant as compared with its present widespread activity and complexity. I was young, with a romantic turn of mind. Smoking suggested pipes and pipes suggested the Indian calumet. There! I had it. Hastening to the factory next morning I handed in a slip of paper with the word 'Calumet' written upon it. The name was very gladly accepted as just the thing, and the head of the firm handed me a \$10 bill as my reward. Would you believe it? When the tobacco was issued to the trade it was labeled 'Cabnet.' The printer had set up that word instead of 'calumet,' through carelessly reading 'copy.' The labels were struck off without a correction of the typographical error, and the tobacco was bundled, packed and put upon the market before the mistake was discovered. I could never tell whether it made any difference in the popularity of the goods.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

A Girl Easy to Suit.

A picture of a handsome young man is stowed away in a neglected corner of a portrait-painter's studio uptown. The artist was asked whom it belonged to. "Just before starting on a trip across the water I received an order for that picture from the young lady to whom the original was betrothed. As there was apparently no hurry about the work I suggested that it should be done at my leisure while abroad. This being agreed upon, I had no further communication with the parties until my return a year and a half later."

"When I called upon the lady and informed her that the picture was ready, she seemed slightly embarrassed, but promised to call at the studio and see it. A few days later she came, and after gazing steadily at the canvas for some time, she sighed and said:

"Poor Phil's dead and gone!"

Then, with a sudden look of relief and inspiration she added:

"But I think if you could change the expression slightly and alter the mouth it would be a good likeness of Mr. C—, the gentleman I am now engaged to!"

I kept the picture, as you see. To have allowed that cold-blooded, heartless woman to take possession of it would have seemed an insult to the dead man's memory. So there it always hangs, a sort of illustration of poor, old Rip's words: "How soon we are forgot!"—*New York World.*

The oft-asked question, "Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" is probably correctly answered by an old skipper, who says that he has frequently seen these birds far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm-cloud, clattering like lumps on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will swim in a squall a hundred miles or even farther, and send for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. They can probably go a long time without water.

In Boston there are nine hundred negroes who were born subjects of the British crown.

A NEW ERA!
THE GRAPE CURE.
SAL-MUSCATELLE.

The crystallized salts as extracted from grapes and fruit; a most wonderful product from the laboratory of the greatest sovereign preparation ever placed before the American public. It is a natural blessing to the aged-out and weary, an imperative companion to business men, ladies and children. It is your homes, travel, summer resorts and seaside cottages.

Sal-Muscattelle is Nature's own product; it supplies to the weary system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it keeps the blood pure and the brain clear; it is a natural blessing to the aged-out and weary, an imperative companion to business men, ladies and children. It is your homes, travel, summer resorts and seaside cottages.

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Sal-Muscattelle is Nature's own product; it supplies to the weary system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it keeps

WINE-MAKING IN CALIFORNIA.

Great Skill Required in Handling the Juice of the Grape.

In the field the grapes are picked by white men and Chinese, the latter being largely in the majority, says a California letter. To eastern eyes, accustomed to the training of grapes, the short, stocky vines have a peculiar look. The vine is pruned low, the main stem being only about a foot and a half from the ground. The single season's growth, however, is so rank that the young shoots make a dense crown of foliage that gives protection to the grapes which grow in clusters around the main trunk. The picker has a wooden box which will hold forty pounds of grapes and a sharp pruning knife. He squats on his haunches and rapidly cuts off the bunches of grapes and then moves his box to the next vine. Under the hot sun the work is laborious, but it is not so tiresome as cotton-picking. When the picker has filled a box he carries it to the road and piles it with other well-filled boxes. The maximum amount that a skillful man can pick in a day is a ton and a half, but the crop must be heavy to permit this. Every few hours the farmer with a large rack comes along and gathers the boxes of grapes.

Arrived at the wine-house the boxes are placed one by one on the long endless apron which carries them up to the hopper. Into this they are emptied, and an ingenious machine stems and crushes them. By a system of fan wheels that rotate in different directions, the grapes are stripped of the stems. These fall to one side, while the crushed grapes and juice fall into a trough beneath that conducts them to a large tank. Here the wine remains for several days until fermentation sets in. The skins rise to the top and are taken off and put into the wine press, while the wine is drawn off into another tank. By the application of hydraulic pressure, every particle is squeezed out of the skins, so that the pumice is as dry as a bit of bread. The greatest skill is required in the handling of the wine during the first few days. In some years—and this season is a good example—the grapes have an excess of sugar, so that fermentation must be assisted by artificial means. In other years sugar must be added. Any mistake made in this process injures the quality of the wine, and it is feared that the long delay in fermentation will damage much wine.

In the wine cellars may be seen the product of the winery. The cellars are carved out of the side hill, the longest being 140 feet, and all have a flooring of the artificial stone of which so many sidewalks are made in San Francisco. On either side as one walks through he sees enormous casks each containing from 1,000 to 1,500 gallons of wine. The oak heads are polished until they give back the reflection of the candle light, and each bears in chalk the name of the wine and the year of vintage. Zinfandel, Malvoisie, Pinot, Burgundy, Sautel, Burger—these are the names that most frequently meet the eye. The wine stored in these cellars is equivalent to a fortune. Most of it is two or three years old, and altogether there are 300,000 gallons. In this even temperature which stands at about fifty-eight degrees winter and summer the wine grows mellow. If all Napa wine-makers had the cellar capacity and the means to keep their wines for three or four years there would be less complaint of the quality of California wines, and there would be recorded fewer cases of failure on the part of wine-growers.

The business is endless in its demands on the pocket and the ingenuity of the wine-maker. The mere item of cooerage runs into the thousands of dollars, while a first-class cellar, capable of holding 100,000 gallons of wine, can not be constructed short of \$15,000. Then constant experiments are being made in the acclimation and blending of new foreign varieties, which cost money, and frequently result in nothing but the spoiling of a cask of wine. A man of large wealth could not do more for California than to establish a vineyard, import the best European varieties, and then make those costly experiments to test their adaptability to the fresh soils and new conditions. The small vineyardist can not do this, so he must remain content to make the wine which has been proved to be salable. The varieties of grapes that have been found most suitable for claret by Napa wine-makers are the Zinfandel, Mataro, Sauvignon Vert, black Burgundy, and Pinot. The Zinfandel is still the mainstay, but the Mataro and Sauvignon are rapidly coming into favor, while as a blend the Pinot outranks all others. For white wines the favorites are the Chasselas, Chasselas Fontainebleau, the Burger, and the Carignan. The Chasselas makes a wine known as Gutedel. When made from selected grapes and kept four or five years it would take a professional wine-taster to distinguish it from the best Rhine wines. The Carignan is a new grape which bids fair to make an excellent white wine. The burger, made by Beringer, leaves on the tongue the flavor of the grapes, and there is no headache in it.

Space is lacking in this letter to do more than glance at the representative vineyards in this section. A place that is well worth visiting is five miles from St. Helena. An old wine-maker has carved his vineyard of one hundred acres out of the woods. He is in the thermal belt, which is free from frost and although his vines grow on the summit of the hills they are never blighted. He has all the choice foreign varieties, but he makes wine of more primitive fashion than any of his neighbors. Thus he employs a man to turn the machine that crushes the grapes and his presses are worked by hand. He claims that he can make wine in this way as fast as his grapes ripen, and that he can turn out a wine of a flavor superior to that produced by machine methods. It is certain that

most of his competitors admit that wine made from his mountain grapes has a more delicate flavor than that of the valley grapes. He has three cellars, rudely constructed, but they hold seventy-five thousand gallons of good wine.

Some Little Things.
The antennae, or feelers, of the grasshopper are long and threadlike; in the butterflies always end in a knob; in moths always taper to a point, although sometimes threadlike and sometimes much branched, forming a beautiful plume; in the beetles, sometimes fanlike, sometimes like a comb; and in other insects assuming still other forms. Insects' eyes are often colored beautifully. A horse fly's eyes are striped. Butterflies' eyes have usually a soft liquid coloring, and moths' eyes in the dark shine like little fiery beads.

The mouths of insects, such as beetles, grasshoppers and dragon flies, have strong jaws for biting; flies, bugs, moths and butterflies have the mouth parts transformed into sucking organs, while bees, wasps and the like have both sucking organs for honey and biting organs for leaf-cutting, wood-tearing, etc., as was the case in the bumble bee.

Butterflies' wings and moths' wings are covered with little scales of a variety of shapes. These should be examined attached to the wing to show their arrangement, which is like that of shingles on a roof; but to show their form, they should be looked at when brushed from the wing onto a piece of glass. Many other peculiarities may be noticed in the wings of other kinds of insects.

Legs, the same as the other organs, have various forms, markings and appendages, and so it is with the abdomen and its stings or its egg-laying apparatus.

The hairs of "Woolly Bears" and caterpillars of that kind are peculiarly branched.

The four hind pairs of feet in caterpillars are armed each with a row of little hooks which are used in walking to get a firm hold. The larger caterpillars show the hooks best.

Sometimes you will find pretty insect eggs on the underside of leaves or on stems, and also little silken cocoons in similar places. If you are near a pond or an old hoghead that collects rain water, you can find a good many little animals, some of them very frisky—young mosquitoes or "polywogs," water-fleas, cyclops, little worms, young dragon flies and lots of others. When you go to collect them take a small wide mouth bottle, and, having found a place where there is what you want, lower your bottle, mouth down, in the midst of them and when it is well under water turn the mouth upwards. —*Western Rural.*

Women in the Dairy.

It is becoming a serious question all over the world what occupation to put the young women at who for any cause fail to enter the marriage state. To our notion there is no calling so admirably adapted to the feminine genius as that of dairymaking—not in its broadest sense, as including farming and stock raising, but certainly in the way of making cheese and butter. If we had a bright young girl left to our care with the understanding that we were to find an occupation for her, and she had no personal objection to the occupation, we would certainly advise her to make a first-class cheese or butter maker of herself—not that she need do the work with her own hands, for a knowledge of how to teach others is far more valuable than the single work of an individual can be. Women have naturally the fine instincts of taste and smell that are inseparable from the finished dairyman or woman. She of all others knows what it is to be clean and neat about the appointments of the dairy room and the utensils used in handling the milk or making the cheese or butter. She of all others will know whether butter is made into enticing forms or enclosed in seductive packages. To be sure, she would not be a safe person to try and barter with by condemning her goods in order to cheapen them. Men are accustomed to such things, but without further experience she would be likely to fall back on her dignity early in the argument. There are so many points to raise in favor of women becoming expert makers of butter and cheese, and so few to oppose it, that we can hardly comprehend the cause that seems to ostracize them from this field of labor. Take butter making as a sample case, and there is no hard work attached to the business that cannot be performed by horse or steam power or the rough hands of the farm laborer. This nice work depends upon the keeping and manipulation of the cream and butter before it is packed. This, the most vital part, is peculiarly women's work and we think the world at large is losing one of its best powers in the most appropriate field while women are for some cause denied entrance to this work, so admirably adapted to their nature and their wants. —*Practical Farmer.*

No Time for Objection.

"No intelligent man," says a Michigan contemporary, "objects to any man becoming rich." Of course he doesn't. He just devotes all his energies to getting on the soft side of that man. —*Burlington Free Press.*

Virtue Alone is Successful.

The success of vicious and immoral women is only spasmodic, and always unsatisfactory, and a doubtful reputation always follows them wherever they go. If virtue and worth sometimes suffer and rest under a cloud, these qualities are certain to bring their reward in the long run. There is no society so frivolous or base that a true and pure woman is not respected and admired. —*Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.*

PITH AND POINT.

Formerly the foolish virgins had no oil; now they are too free with the kerosene. —*Hackensack Republican.*

It is fortunate for the cats that women can't purr. It would be a cold day for the cats if they could. —*Puck.*

Before many quarters of the moon pass, our town will be ripped with a matrimonial cyclone. —*Grandview Monitor.*

One of the greatest trials this country could have would be to compel it to eat all the food it produces. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

There is only \$6.50 in the treasury of the Sandwich islands. No howling about the surplus out there. —*Philadelphia Press.*

The country is so full of pretty city girls just now that farmers' sons have no inclination to leave the farm. —*Philadelphia Call.*

While we will not have so many corn ears this year as we have had in some others, we will have more nubbins. —*Peoria Transcript.*

The man who tries to deadhead his way on the freight trains is now being buried in various parts of the land. —*Philadelphia Times.*

A murderer named Joquist is to be hung in Colorado. When Joquist encounters the executioner, he will see that it is no joke. —*Alta California.*

Verily, what shall it profit a man who goeth on a cheap excursion if he gain 73 cents ear fare and be jammed into minicement? —*Buffalo Express.*

Justice does not need a bandage over her eyes in Rowan county. The desperado have been using her optics for targets. —*Louisville Commercial.*

In telling people how to live to be 100 years old Prof. Proctor omits one sure method, namely—get sentenced to be hanged as a Chicago anarchist. —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

To simplify the concealed-weapon law, why not pass a law making it a felony for a tailor to build a pair of pantaloons with a hip-pocket attachment. —*Memphis Advance.*

"Yes," sighed the young wife, "I married a paragon, and I wish I hadn't." "Why," asked her friend, "because he reads all his work to me before he puts it in the paper." —*Boston Courier.*

The logic of Texas in olden times may not have been so rhetorical as it is now, but it was more convincing. The man whose argument went off first generally left him sole survivor of the field. —*Texas Colonist.*

Now they are after the members of Chicago's council. Dear, dear, what a wicked place that village by the lake must be. It is badly in need of the regenerative influence of Canadian ozone. —*St. Paul Globe.*

St. Louis has not hung Maxwell, and Chicago has thus far failed to suspend the anarchists. There are too many unhung hangs in this country; the unskilled kisses don't make so much difference. —*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Mr. Millionaire, there is no need of taking your daughter to Europe in order that she may marry a title. For \$3,000 a man can be ennobled in Hawaii, and a Hawaiian title is just as good as any. —*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The feeble struggles of the aborigines of later times are but the dying kicks of savagery, by which those who would rather die than attempt to live under the new order of things invite their own destruction. Indian uprisings will soon be things of the past. —*Omaha Bee.*

Habits of Industry.

Among the greatest misfortunes that come to any one are habits of idleness, and among the greatest blessings that can come to any one are habits of industry. Idleness is not confined to the low and degraded, the men and women of loathsome and for hidden appearance whose very presence is an advertisement of their vicious life. There are many persons living in the midst of abundance whose lives are of but little use in the world because they only consume or waste what others provide, and contribute nothing to the general stock of human welfare. There are thousands of young men and young women who never earn a single dollar by producing it by real labor of any kind. They allow themselves to be wholly dependent on the industry and resources of parents or friends. As a rule, their lives are of correspondingly little value.

Every young person, boy or girl, young man or young woman, should learn to become independent by learning to make his or her own living. It does not follow that they must leave home if the resources of their homes are abundant, but they should learn to be independent and work their own way, and so be equipped if disaster or need should come.

Industry is God's order. He commands industry, and he hates idleness. God himself is the busiest worker in the universe. The eternal Mind and the eternal Hand are ever busy in creating and sustaining the millions of worlds and in caring for their innumerable inhabitants.

"Handsome Is That Handsome Does."

A famous lady who once reigned in Paris society was so very homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you." From this time Madame de Creot began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, and even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service. This good-will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow and her gray eyes were small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes us a valuable lesson.

A Relic of Aaron Burr.

Among the early morning fires which claimed the attention of the department was one which indirectly recalled an interesting chapter in the history of the metropolis. The outbreak was in the old brick building at No. 25 Center street, at present the abode of a dealer in plumbing supplies. It was caused by an overheated stove, and did \$1,000 damage. The firemen, who penetrated a dozen feet into the building, were amazed to find themselves confronted by a solid iron wall. They were trying to find a way to get to the other side, when the discovery was made that the iron wall was the side of a mighty reservoir, containing water enough to drown the biggest sort of a fire.

This tank is all that is left of Aaron Burr's characteristic swindle, the Manhattan Water Company, under the cloak of which the Legislature in 1798 chartered a formidable Republican rival of the two then existing banks, both of which were under the thumb of Alexander Hamilton, Burr's political arch enemy. The concern never made more than a pretense of carrying water. But the pretense must be kept up, and to this day the charter of the great Bank of the Manhattan Company in Wall street hangs on this old reservoir. Its destruction last night might have precipitated a financial middle by the sudden lapse of the bank's charter, for the two would have ceased to exist together. No harm was done to it, however, and the bank is safe.

The old tank fills up the entire middle of the building. It is 37½ feet in diameter, and built on an arched brick foundation extended from the cellar to the roof of the building. The rain-water from the roof and a pump under the sidewalk in Reade street keep it always filled. Probably not one in ten of the many who daily go out and in the building, wondering at the cramped space within, suspect the existence of the reservoir in which 100 men might be drowned and no one be the wiser. —*New York Mail and Express.*

More than a year ago the Russian Grand Duke Michael at a Parisian supper party lost a philopena to his neighbor at the table, the well-known artist, Rosa Bonheur. "What shall I give you?" he asked, and she answered, "Something alive, that I can paint."

The whole affair was forgotten by her, when one day recently she received three superb white bears from Siberia, so perfectly trained that she can use them to the greatest advantage as models. It had taken a year to complete their education.

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One of the Seven Sleepers.

The population of Hainfeld, near Lilienfeld, Austria, is much excited over the story of a man who undertakes sleeping nearly as well as the bear during his hibernation. Martin Thuma was in a saloon, got drunk, and was not seen afterward. Eighteen days later he was found, sleeping in a forest hut, and, being awakened, quietly walked home. He would not believe having slept more than one night until a mirror proved to him that his beard was very long and had evidently not been shaved for several weeks.

On Friday.

It may interest the superstitious to note that both Gladstone and Bismarck were born on Friday. Of noted men of the past who came into the world on that day of the week, may be mentioned Luther, Sir Isaac Newton, George Washington and Winfield Scott.

A Yacht Woman.

Mrs. Holmes of Cincinnati, who has just reached home after a 3,000-mile yacht cruise through the great lakes, managed her own yacht during the entire trip.

Mill Stones of Glass.

Glass mill stones consist usually of eight sections of glass fastened together by the use of strips of wood one millimeter wide to which the glass is cemented. After cementing the parts together a piece of wood three centimeters broad and one thick is cemented about the outer circumference of the stone, reaching to its entire height. This increases the cohesion of the stones and makes the attachment of the outer iron hoop more easy. This iron hoop is fastened by means of fifty wooden screws to the wooden hoop about five millimeters below the grinding surface and in such a manner as to admit of easy removal without breaking. The eye of the stone, as well as the indirect grinding surface, consists of pure cement. A ring in the aperture at the center insures durability and strength at that point. The glass grinding surface has a mill grid of roughness, which it never entirely loses. A dress is employed similar to that used on sweetwater-quartz stones, and the glass stones must be dressed as carefully and often as French stones, though the work is easier. Those who think the surface will hold ten to fifteen years without dressing are laboring under a great mistake. —*Berliner Muller Zeitung.*

The members of a church at Hartwell, Ga., were discussing what they had done to help the cause of religion along during the year, when one good brother, whose cotton crop had turned out better than he expected, said: "I came very near promising the Lord at planting time that I would give him \$1 for every bale of cotton I should make this year, but, brethren, if I had done so the Lord would have got me sure."

A righter of wrongs is, as a rule, even more poorly paid than a writer of poetry. —*New Haven News.*

A messenger-boy's diary—Monday hired; Tuesday, tired; Wednesday, fired. —*Newark Sunday Call.*

The maxim that "heat expands and cold contracts" does not apply to coal dealers' bills. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

HIS PHOTO.

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Dear Belle: I'd write you a short letter. Today I'm wonderfully better; How much that means you ought to know.

Who saw me just one month ago? That nervous, fretful, weak, shak, Almost too weak to breathe or talk; Head throbbing, as if fit for breaking, A weary, ever-present aching. But now life seems a different thing; I feel as glad as bird on wing!

That Pierce's Favorite Prescription Is grand! Why, I'd have died without it! Ma thinks there's no mistake about it. It's driven all my ills away: Just come and see! Yours ever, May.

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Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of human cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

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The Upsilantian.

THURSDAY, DEC. 29, 1887.

ST. JOSEPH county joined the prohibition column, at her local option election on Tuesday, by 1000 to 1200 majority. Ten counties have now voted under the local option law, and every one of them has given a majority against the longer continuance of the saloon—Hillsdale, Branch, St. Joseph, Van Buren, Barry, Isabella, Grand Traverse, Benzie, Antrim and Leelanau. This has all been accomplished in about one month, and several other counties will vote with like probable result within another month. While prohibition is thus marching rapidly on under the county option law, the prohibition party organ, The Center, grumbles and scolds and criticises, and discourages the work as much as it can. Happily, the voters pay little attention to The Center, considering it either so bigotedly partisan or so hypocritical that its utterances have no value. Professing sole devotion to the attainment of prohibition, it scents every effort in that direction that does not follow its lead, and when such splendid achievement is shown as announced above, it carps and cavils and insinuates, and plainly shows its wish to discourage the adoption of prohibition in the counties. We rejoice that it is unable to do that.

THE temptation to use shoddy will disappear when wool is no more costly than rags. The Sentinel says there will be no more temptation when we have free trade in wool. Free trade then will bring wool to a level with shoddy. Pretty near right we guess in that. But here's the Ann Arbor Democrat which says free trade makes wool higher and woolen goods cheaper, and just boils over with enthusiasm for President Cleveland, for discovering the fact that high raw material makes cheap goods. Per contra, President Cleveland urges free, therefore cheaper, raw material in order that our manufacturers may compete on the lower level of European prices. A pretty kettle of fish this makes, to be sure. What all our free trade friends, anyhow? Was it Blaine's bomb by cable that threw them into such confusion? Only truth, friends, is consistent with itself in all its developments.

DEATH comes alike to the high and the lowly, and alike in seasons of festivity and in seasons of anxiety. Hon. Daniel Manning, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, died at his home in Albany, Saturday afternoon—Christmas eve. Telegrams of sympathy and condolence from the President and many in high official and social station reach the afflicted wife, but they cannot make her burden light, and neither is her burden heavier nor her loss greater than that of many another in humble station to whom no messages come.

THE ranks of the new Congress are very early invaded by the messenger who respects no station. The Hon. Seth C. Moffatt, Representative from the 11th district of Michigan, whose serious illness from carbuncle on the hip was announced last week, died on Thursday, from blood poisoning, and the remains were returned to his home at Traverse City, at the public expense. His wife, who had not gone to the capital, was summoned by telegraph, but could not arrive in time to see him alive. Mr. Moffatt was a republican, and the district will undoubtedly choose a republican to fill the vacancy, at a special election soon to be held; but the haste with which aspiring candidates or their friends paraded their "claims" in the newspapers before the dead man's body could be sent home, was most unseemly.

IN Atlanta, the liquor license is \$1500, and every saloon must have its entrance upon a public street, with no screens, blinds, or other obstruction to the view from the street. Whenever a person shall have been twice convicted of intoxication, his name and description are furnished to the saloons, and sale to him within one year thereafter works forfeiture of license. Although prohibition under local option failed of re-adoption in Atlanta, it is plain that the saloon as it was, and as it still is in Michigan, cannot again exist there.

IT makes us want to be rich, to read about Gov. Alger furnishing a thousand and poor families with wood and coal and a barrel of flour each, and hundreds of needy newsboys with suits of clothes. The value of such an example upon society is great, in addition to the direct cheer that the gifts confer.

AN article in the forthcoming North American Review, treating of Cleveland and his free-trade message, says:

In comprehension, as in courage, he resembles the school boy. Dogmatic and positive where a competent free trader would be most vague and cautious, he discharges obsolete and long abandoned theories which resemble economic arithmetics of precision no more than a Queen Anne musket resembles a modern rifle. Both protectionists and the more intelligent free traders are perfectly aware that the president's supposition that prices of protected products are as a rule enhanced to the full extent of the protective duties is entirely untrue. Yet the entire argument of the president is built on this single false assumption, abandoned years ago by every moderately informed free trader.

This is almost precisely what The Upsilantian said on the same subject, the week that the message appeared, and which some of our neighbors thought presumptuous and absurd.

IF the administration thinks we are going to accept Mr. Dickinson's appointment to the postmaster-generalship in exchange for the privilege of selling our wood and salt and lumber and iron and copper in the United States, we propose to file a protest right here and now. We are duly sensible, we trust, of the honor conferred upon our state by a representation in the illustrious Cabinet of President Cleveland; but if we are expected to pay for it at such a price, we prefer to forego the honor. Our sheep husbandry, our salt and lumber industries, and our iron and copper interests, are each and all too important, and have been

developed at too great cost, now to surrender the markets to British producers. Mr. Cleveland can take his postoffice to Texas or South Carolina, but he must keep his hands off our farms and shops and mills and mines.

Quite Correct.
Ypsilanti Sentinel.
We will not admit into our columns the utterances of "Sam Jones," wherein sacred names are treated with levity, and coupled with frivolous remarks. The sensational preachers do as much, or more, to destroy reverence for sacred things as the profane swearers.

This is the Shibboleth.
Syracuse Journal.
A protective tariff and an honest ballot-box are the only two issues for 1888.—Chicago Journal.

Add to these, protected homes,—for the evils which assail our homes render the protective tariff useless to the labor and corrupting to the ballot-box as well.

The Tribune a Little Off.
E. W. Pendleton, attorney for the Detroit tower company, yesterday in response to an inquiry said that the suit had been contemplated since early last spring, but the bill filed recently was at the instance of the mayor of Ypsilanti, who wanted the case disposed of before the city paid for the plant. He exhibited a letter dated March 22, 1887, signed by John S. Adams, manager of the Jenney Company, begging that the threatened suits be not begun.—Tribune.

The above refers to the suit brought against the city of Ypsilanti by the Detroit Electric Tower Co. for infringement. The facts of the case are these: Mr. Wells W. Leggett, President of the Detroit company, wrote, Nov. 28th, to the Mayor and Council of Ypsilanti, to the effect that he understood from the papers that they were about to erect towers in the city and that thereby they would infringe on certain patents which the company he represented owned, that he was going to commence suit against Bay City and would also do so against Ypsilanti if she erected the towers.

In acknowledging the receipt of the letter, Mayor Cornwell informed the gentleman that the towers were erected and would be lighted up on Saturday, Dec. 3, adding, "Go ahead with your suit against the city, right away. I want the matter settled." This is all there is in the matter and the public can judge between the Tribune's statement and the facts. The city purchased the plant and the lawsuits all in the one contract and the Mayor, no doubt, thought that the first flash from those towers would be a good answer to the summons of the court. It is well understood in Ypsilanti that Mayor Cornwell is not easily bluffed. Why Mr. Adams should be mentioned in the same connection is difficult to tell as he had no reference to the Ypsilanti case. It is understood that the same man invented the Detroit Co.'s tower and the Jenney tower.

The Detroit Journal Boycott.
The Detroit News has declared war upon its successful competitor, the Detroit Journal, and has sent peremptory orders to news agents and dealers throughout the state, telling them they must drop the Detroit Journal. This boycott is proving a bonanza for the Journal, for the majority of people do not like the idea of being bulldozed. The Detroit Free Press recently published the following editorial upon the subject:

It is a frequent boast of the Evening News that it has a large circulation, and that this circulation has been attained on the merits of the paper—that is, as it has also put it, that the people buy the commodity because they desire it and because they think it worth the money. It is natural and proper that the News should make every legitimate effort which it thinks the case warrants to hold its circulation and prevent the encroachments of a rival establishment which has similar goods to sell. It appears from what the Evening Journal says, and its statements have not been denied, that the News, not content with legitimate effort, has resorted to the "boycott" as a means of strengthening its own position and crippling that of the Journal. This is not the method of conscious strength and power, and is wholly inconsistent with the logic of the News. If its wares are better than those of the Journal, nothing should please it better than the comparison and competition which sales from the news stands afford; if they are not as good, no withdrawal of the patronage of the News from offending newsdealers who sell the Journal can prevent the growth and sale of the latter. It is almost incredible that the News is so blind as not to see that no policy could be better calculated to build up its afternoon contemporary than the one it is pursuing.—Detroit Free Press, Dec. 21, 1887.

Coal and Coke.
Another Splendid Christmas and New Year's Annual for 1888. The Latest and Best of the Rock Island Series.

Thousands who have perused with delighted interest the pages of "Watt Stephens, the Genius of Steam" (1885), "Vatlagal, the Genius of Electricity" (1886), and "Petroleum and Natural Gas" (1887), will be pleased to know that the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway will issue another magnificent souvenir for the Christmas and New Year season of 1888, which surpasses in many respects, anything of the kind heretofore published. "Coal and Coke" is the title of the work, and the subject has been exhaustively treated. It is written in a captivating colloquial style, embodying a vast amount of information in regard to coal strata; their relative position in the earth's crust; where deposits occur, their nature and extent; the different processes of underground mining; how coal is converted into coke, and some of its varied and multiple uses.

The book is profusely illustrated from original sketches. Although the expense has been very great, the Rock Island has concluded to supply "Coal and Coke" at the nominal rate of ten cents (for postage) per copy. Enclose your address plainly written (also ten cents in stamps) to E. A. Holbrook, General Ticket and Passenger Agent at Chicago, Ill., and a copy of "Coal and Coke" will be mailed to you, prepaid, to any part of the world.

A father can give his young son no better present than a year's reading of the Scientific American. Its contents will lead the young mind in the path of thought, and if he treats there awhile, he'll forget frivolities and be of some account, and if he has an inventive or mechanical turn of mind, this paper will afford him more entertainment, as well as useful information, than he can obtain elsewhere.

New Flour & Feed Store

RATHFON BROS.

have opened a new Flour and Feed Store in the building on Washington Street lately occupied by Bennett's livery, where they are prepared to buy and sell all kinds of

GRAIN AND FEED

A scale has been erected in front, and their facilities are first-class.

They solicit a share of the patronage, and invite all to come in and see them.

First National Bank, Ypsilanti

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$75,000.

OFFICERS:

D. L. QUIRK, Pres. Chas. King, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

D. L. QUIRK, L. A. BARNES,
E. F. UHL, C. S. WORTLEY,
Chas. King, S. H. DODGE.

T. S. ANDERSON, Pres. J. K. BURNHAM, V. P.
R. S. MASON, Cashier.

State Savings Bank.

91 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

CASH CAPITAL, - \$200,000

FOUR per cent. Interest paid on Savings Deposits.
Directors—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Hecker, W. K. Anderson, H. S. Mason, C. L. Vreer, G. H. Russell, W. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke. Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

NEW FIRM!!

Having recently purchased the Photograph business of Mr. A. J. Clark, we wish to call the attention of the people of Ypsilanti to the fact that we are prepared to do the best of

PHOTOGRAPH WORK

At the low price for Cabinets of \$2.50 per dozen. We guarantee satisfaction and the finest of work. Call at our studio and see samples. Soliciting a share of your patronage, we are,
Yours Respectfully,

NICHOLSON & ANDERSON.

Hickory & Ash Timber

I will pay \$12.00 per cord, cash, for good Second Growth Hickory Butts, suitable for Axe Handles, delivered at my shop south of depot, Ypsilanti.

Good Second Growth Ash, suitable for Whiffletrees, Neck-Yokes, etc., also wanted.
0921*
C. W. DICKINSON.

E. SAMSON,

Is now receiving

CHRISTMAS

GOODS

MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND

Cheaper Than Ever.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

Or do you think of using

Lumber or Paint

In large or small quantities?

If you do you should call at once on

S. W. Parsons & Co.

DEALERS IN

BUILDING MATERIAL

AND

Carpenter's Supplies of all kinds!

Lumber Yard and Factory north of Public Squares, east side; Branch Office and Paint Depot, Worden Block, Huron Street.

Wallace & Clarke's

Christmas Stock is large and complete and comprises

FOOT RESTS, FANCY CHAIRS,
OTTOMANS, MARBLE-TOP TABLES,
EASY CHAIRS, HAT RACKS,
LIBRARY TABLES, BEDROOM SUITS,
RATTAN ROCKERS, LOUNGES,
PARLOR SUITS, DIVANS, ETC.

REED CHAIRS, BOOK CASES,
OFFICE DESKS, MUSIC CABINETS,
LADIES' PARLOR DESKS, PIER MIRRORS,
FIRE SCREENS, UNIVERSAL TRIPODS,
PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMES

COLONIAL CHAIRS, OFFICE CHAIRS,
EXTENSION TABLES, EASELS,
SIDEBOARDS, CARD TABLES,
STANDING AND HANGING CABINETS,
MEDICINE CABINETS, BRACKETS,

TURCOMAN CURTAINS, BRASS STANDS,
BAMBOO EASELS, BLACKING CASES,
SLEIGH RUNNERS FOR BABY WAGONS,
SLEIGHS, COASTERS,
CHILDREN'S CHAIRS & ROCKERS.

To make room for new goods we offer the following goods as below:

One Fine Oak Bedroom Suit, - - - - -	\$90, regular price, \$125
One Fine Oak Cabinet, - - - - -	20, " 28
One Fine Oak Cabinet, - - - - -	19, " 27
One Fine Imitation Mahogany Cyl. Book Case, - - - - -	29, " 38
One Fine Imitation Mahogany Book Case, - - - - -	7, " 10
One Walnut Library Table, - - - - -	13, " 20
One Walnut Library Table, - - - - -	10, " 18
One Wardrobe Folding Bed, - - - - -	25, " 40
One Wardrobe Folding Bed, - - - - -	18, " 30
One Painted Bedroom Suit, 9 pieces, very fine, - - - - -	35, " 50
One Walnut Sideboard, - - - - -	24, " 35
One Imitation Mahogany Sideboard, - - - - -	25, " 40
One Imitation Mahogany Sideboard, - - - - -	26, " 40
One Music Cabinet, - - - - -	8, " 12
One Music Cabinet, - - - - -	7, " 10
One Im. Mahogany, Pillar Ex. Table, 10 ft., - - - - -	14, " 20
One Im. Mahogany Pillar Table, 10 ft., - - - - -	8, " 12

And many other articles at Cost and below. Be sure and get our prices before buying. Truly yours,

WALLACE & CLARKE.

SLEIGHS

WINTER WILL COME!

and with it the beautiful snow, and the boys will be hunting up their Sleighs to enjoy the fun. Many of them will be sadly the worse for the wear of last year, and new ones will be needed. As Santa Claus does not make his annual visit until Christmas we have determined to get the start of him, and will present

WITH EVERY CASH SALE OF

Boys' Suits or Overcoats

AMOUNTING TO FIVE DOLLARS,

A BEAUTIFUL

SLEIGH,

strong enough for the big boys and fancy enough for the small ones. See them in our window.

Alban & Johnson,

Congress Street, Ypsilanti.

SLEIGHS

THE QUESTION OF THE AGE!

ANSWERED AT LAST!

Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

Because the aforesaid Spirit has provided its earthly tenement with one of

WORTLEY BROTHERS'

Handsome New Style

OVERCOATS!

Other inducements to pride can be furnished by Wortley Brothers in the line of

CAPS.

Gloves, Mitts, Shirts, and Winter Underwear.

Everything in fact to make a man look well and feel well, and at prices that will enable him to do well.

WORTLEY BROS.

GIVE THE NEW

Jewelry and Stationery Store

A call and examine the large assortment of

Wedding, Anniversary and Holiday Gifts.

The most complete line of Stationery, Plush Goods and Novelties in the city.

Watch and Jewelry Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

E. L. HOUGH,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

Huron Street, - - - Ypsilanti, Mich.

IMPORTANT!

We have the Exclusive Sale of the

CELEBRATED

PONTIAC KNIT & FELT BOOTS

For this vicinity.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

If you want low price felts we have them, 75 cents per pair and upwards. Our Motto:

GOOD GOODS AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

GOODSPEED & SONS

8 CONGRESS STREET.

The Business World in Miniature at

Business College!

YPSILANTI, MICH.

No theory or text-book work; everything is real, the same as in the outside world. Visitors cordially invited. Circulars on application.

P. R. OLEARY,
PRINCIPAL.

C. S. SMITH,

Cross Street, near the Depot,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Salt and Smoked

MEATS!

First-Class Sugar-Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily.

Only the Best Meats handled and only the Favorite Prices charged.

THE DEPOT MEAT MARKET,
C. S. SMITH, Proprietor.

Her Poor Cousin.

"Really, Corinne, you are too harsh with your cousin; remember she is the child of your dear father's sister."

"I can't help it, mamma; the girl is a burden to us and you know it."

"I should think she was rather a help," said Mrs. Stanley, toying idly with her fork and knife. "She certainly dresses your hair for you and performs other little duties that you could not do yourself."

"Oh, I know she tries to earn her board and clothes, which is only right and proper, but I think she ought to keep more with the servants, where she belongs. I was going to tell you that I have accepted an invitation to see Faust with Mr. Bronson this evening."

"His attentions are becoming very marked, Corinne. They say he is worth about a hundred thousand a year. Would you marry him if he asked you?" said Mrs. Stanley, putting emphasis on the "if," for she knew her daughter had been angling for the millionaire.

"How do you know that he has not asked me already?" said Corinne with a laugh, and then the conversation ended.

Meanwhile pretty Louise Lynn sat in her small bed room in the great Fifth avenue house, and wondered why her lot was so hard. Silently she recalled a face she loved long ago. It was the old, old story. They had exchanged passionate vows to each other. At her father's former country seat their names were carved on the same tree; there they had sworn, with clasped hands, to be true to each other forever. But the course of true love had not run smoothly. Her father, unwilling that Louise should become the wife of a poor man, had forbidden their meetings. A knock at the door interrupted her musings. Corinne had sent for her to dress her hair.

"You really would make a capital maid," Miss Stanley remarked, as she surveyed her costume in an opposite mirror when thoroughly dressed for the opera. "Marie," glancing toward her French femme de chambre, will have to look out for her laurels. Here, Louise, just carry my white merino cloak down stairs, won't you, while I follow?"

Miss Stanley and her cousin had been in the dining-room about five minutes, when the former glanced impatiently toward a clock on the mantel, exclaiming, "It is certainly very odd that Mr. Bronson doesn't make his appearance."

Just then a ring was heard at the door. As it was not answered immediately Corinne, turned to her cousin and said, "Louise, go to the door."

"Is my position in this house, Corinne, that of a mere servant?"

Louise spoke the words in tones which a faint, almost imperceptible quiver shook, otherwise her demeanor was perfectly calm.

"Yes," was the unhesitating answer. "You are merely a domestic servant—nothing more."

"Very well; in that case I will obey."

She left the room with a stately step, though her wounded heart was beating passionately.

With a steady hand, too, she unfashioned the hall door.

A gentleman was standing outside.

"Are Mrs. and Miss Stanley at home?" he asked politely.

His heart made poor Louise's heart beat quicker than ever.

"Ashton?" she exclaimed can it be you?"

"Louise!"

The gentleman had caught her hands in both of his and was gazing eagerly into her face.

"Oh, Louise," he went on in tremulous tones, "what miracle is this? I have sought for you ever since my return, but to no purpose. And now, to find you here! I can scarcely believe my senses!"

"You could not have cared much for me," poor Louise said, through her tears, "because—because you have never written me a line since—since—"

"Written you, Louise? I wrote a dozen times."

"Then the letters miscarried, for I never received them. Ah! I know my father's death—my change of address—"

But at this moment they were interrupted by the appearance of Corinne on the scene.

"For heaven's sake, Louise, what is the meaning of all this?" she cried.

"I was not aware, she added scornfully, "that you aspired to know Mr. Bronson."

The angry speaker's face was livid with consternation and rage.

"Mr. Bronson?" ejaculated Louise, astonishment overcoming every other feeling.

"Yes! Mr. Bronson," said Corinne, mimicking her.

"What does this mean, Ashton?" asked Louise, turning to her lover.

"I am now known, dearest, as Mr. Bronson, after a distant uncle, whose fortune I inherited, and who wished me to take his name. The accession to this estate brought me back from California—to search for you—but in vain."

There was a moment's silence, and then Louise, as she looked at her cousin, said:

"And so your grand Mr. Bronson, cousin Corinne, was, all the while, my dear old Ashton," and she proudly clung to his arm. She could not restrain a slight exultation in her tone.

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Bronson, pressing her arm, "and I am sure your cousin will congratulate us. I certainly owe her much for having given a home to my treasure."

Did Corinne congratulate her cousin? She was obliged to do so outwardly, at least, for Louise and Mr. Bronson

were married a month later. But there are some smiles that mean frowns, and we fear Corinne's were such.

A CALIFORNIA ASTRONOMER.

His Prediction of What the Lick Telescope Will Do.

Mr. Frank Reed, of San Francisco, had published a circular styled "The Lick Telescope and the Moon," from which the following extracts are made:

Before the great telescope is turned upon the moon and the other planets, as they are called, it is well to let the world know beforehand what will be discovered.

All the celestial bodies outside the earth are only balls of electricity in its most condensed form. All the stars are of about the density of water, and a man's body would sink in them the same as if they were water.

And now comes the greatest discovery. The so-called mountains, volcanoes, lakes, etc., of the moon are only photographs or reflections of our earth.

I made the discovery that the spots upon the moon always appeared without changing their position. The part that is up in the east will appear down in the west. When the moon appears to hang on her corner or lay on her back the spots remain as before.

Now for an explanation of what causes the changes of the moon fulling and waning:

A thick bank of dark gases gathers in the earth's atmosphere, and hides the moon from view. As these gases accumulate the atmosphere of the earth is expanded, and this forces the moon away from us about twenty thousand miles, at which point it becomes negative, and is attracted toward the earth.

At the time of new moon the gases completely envelope the earth, and the moon and sun are exactly on a line. Twenty-four hours later the moon has fallen back about 850 miles, and in doing so she has, through her magnetic power in connection with the sun, forced a cap through these gases and now shows us a little of her surface.

The old theory, that the sun shining upon the moon caused the changes, would be one of the most marvellous affairs in all nature, for we know that the sun will shine as much upon the surface of a globe at one time as another, and a globe can not be turned so that more light will shine upon it at one time or in one position than in another.

When my theory is accepted, as it will be in a short time, for no other explanation can be given, I will explain to the world what becomes of the gases that cause the fulling and waning of the moon, and will also explain what causes the ocean tides.

The Handsome Women of Sorois.

There is no better way to get a view of some really good-looking women than to eat a Sorois lunch at Delmonico's, if you are of the right sex to do so, some bright afternoon. Sorois, from its position as a pioneer among the women's clubs of the country, has been the butt of overmuch ridicule, but as a plain, ordinary, everyday matter of fact, it comprises in its membership some of the prettiest and some of the best-dressed women of New York. Of the youngest set, Jeanne June's daughter, V. da Croly, is a fresh and fair example, with one of the most attractive faces that one ever sees in the metropolis. Mme. Demorest's youngest daughter is another very beautiful girl, and Mme. Demorest herself is a fine specimen of the stately dame. Mrs. Lizzie W. Chapman, wife of the artist, and herself a well-known writer, is a member and a pleasant person to look on, and Georgia Cayvan, the actress, is not accustomed to have her beauty called in question. Mrs. Hammond, wife of Dr. William Hammond, is a handsome woman, and Mrs. May Riley Smith, one of the sweetest-voiced of the minor poets, has an oval face that suits an artist, with soft brown hair and the most winning of smiles. The brightest and pleasantest thing at any session at which she is present is Mrs. George Hoffman, with her smiling eyes and wavy gray hair, who has been widely known in philanthropic work in the city, but who lives at High Point on the Hudson, since her husband's death.

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, the President, is a pleasant-looking woman in motherly home fashion. Sorois is a cosmopolitan institution. It admitted two women worth \$4,000,000 and \$2,000,000 respectively at a recent meeting, but women dependent on their own efforts are numerous and respected in the society. Mrs. Lord, of the shopping firm of Lord & Taylor, is an active member, but Mrs. Ayer, of Recamier cream fame, so I am told, once had her name proposed and was advised to withdraw it.—*Washington Post*.

An Australian Mining Queen.

The sensation of the hour in the city is the doings and sayings of the Lady of the Nugget, Miss Alice Cornwell. In a few weeks she has achieved wonders. She has softened the heart of the Secretary of the Stock Exchange. She has shown her latest finds to admiring Archbishops at the Mansion House. She has convinced Mr. Bryant that gold-searching is more profitable than watch-making. She has held her own with speculators and financiers, and she has successfully floated a company which rejoices in the familiar name of Midas. Miss Cornwell is generally supposed in Victoria to have a heaven-born genius for mining. The miners of Ballarat have given her the name of Lucky Foot and unanimously named her their representative in England. In Australia she has generally contrived to find ore where everybody else failed. In London the charming and astute lady-miner bids fair to attract a large share of interest hitherto bestowed on lady doctors, lady astronomers and lady bonnetmakers.—*London Daily News*.

MR. COLOROW'S ODD TRAITS.

BILL NYE FINDS HIM IMPULSIVE IN THE MATTER OF HOMICIDE.

A Copper-Complexioned Gentleman of Few Words—A Generous Offer of "Two Sleeps" that was Promptly Accepted—A Speech by Colorow that Proved Fatal to His Hapless Stenographer.

The recent ruction on the part of William H. Colorow, Duke of Rawhide Buttes and heir presumptive to the throne of Yellow Jacket Park, brings the Indian once more to our notice and teaches us that eternal vigilance is the price of Government land on the frontier.

Sig. Colorow is of Indian parentage and his lineage, such as it is, is very long. His ancestors run back as far as the earliest dawn of the Christian era. They claimed the land extending in a southerly direction from the North Pole, and seemed to ignore the fact that it had been sold for taxes.

The Indian has always been in favor of representation without taxation, and Colorow has believed in a community of grub, allowing the white man to retain a controlling interest in common, wet-browed toil. He has always been willing to divide his bread with the pale-face. He has offered, time and again, to give the white man the bread that was sweetened with honest sweat, while he took his plain. He says that to prefer bread that tastes of perspiration shows a depraved taste.

Colorow has for years been a terror to the people of Northwestern Colorado, Eastern Utah and southern Wyoming. Every spring it used to be his custom to stroll into North Park and prospect for prospectors. Once he came to call on me. He had been there longer than I had and so, of course, it was nothing more than etiquette that he should call on me.

He seemed to enjoy his call very much. I could think of nothing to say, though generally I am of a bright and happy disposition. After I had asked him how his mother was, I could not think of anything else to interest him. Finally I thought of Capt. John Smith and how he amused a hostile band by showing them his compass and new suspenders. I had no compass, but I had a watch which I carried in a buckskin watch-pocket, and I thought I would show him the sweep-second and fly-back and let him see the wheels go round.

When Colorow is captured, if the United States of America has no use for that watch, I would be glad to have it returned to me at No. 32 Park row, New York.

Colorow is a man of few words. I will never forget what he said to me when he went away. He held up two fingers and said in a voice that did not seem to waver:

"Mebbe so, two sleeps more, you git out."

I sometimes think that when a man says very little we are more apt to take an interest in what he says. It was so in his case. I got to thinking over his remark after he had gone and I decided to accept of his generous offer.

He had given me two sleeps; but I do not require much sleep anyway, and when I got to thinking about Colorow and his restless manner while he was my guest I could not sleep so well as I had formerly, and so I have been doing the most of my sleeping since that in a more thickly settled country. I remember I walked feverishly about, twenty-five miles, I judge, in a northerly direction.

I left a small but growing mine there at that time in charge of the Utes, and hope they used it judiciously.

The Ute Nation is divided into two sections—viz., the Southern Utes, who have been pretty generally friendly, and the Northern or White River Utes, who break out into fits of emotional insanity whenever their ponies get their bellies full of grass.

My policy—one which, I regret to say, has never been adopted by the Government—is to hire a sufficient number of armed herders to take the entire grand remnant sale of Indian tribes out on the plains and watch them all summer, rounding up and counting them every morning and evening to see that they are all there. Through the day they might be kept busy pulling up the "pizen-weed" which grows all over the grazing grounds of the West, and thus they would get plenty of fresh air and at the same time do good in a modest way. But this scheme for "Utelizing" the Utes is a hundred years ahead of the age, and so I do not expect that it will meet with the indorsement of a sluggish Administration.

There are, however, two sides to the Indian question, viz., a right and a wrong side. That is why the Indian question wears so well.

One of the great wrongs incident to the matter is the great delay in officially reaching the War Department in such a way as to attract the eye of the speaker. By the time a courier can get in to a telegraph station and wire the Governor of the State, who notifies the Adjutant-General to write a dictated letter with his trenchant typewriter, apprising the commander of the department, who is at Coney Island or Carlsbad, with no typewriter nearer than fifteen miles, who wires the Governor to make active inquiries about the matter, and by the time the Governor has sent a committee, who go to within fifty miles of the scene of hostilities, and return at the end of six weeks to report that they do not know whether there has been an outbreak or not, and then when a ranchman is really killed and reputable eye-witnesses who were personally acquainted with deceased, and will swear that they have no interest in the result of the outbreak, come in and make a written and grammatical request for troops, and the War Department gets thoroughly rested, the Indians have gone home, washed the gore off their hands and resumed their

quiet, humdrum life. Like trying to treat a man in Liverpool for softening of the brain by applying the mind cure per cable from New York, the remedy is too remote from the disease.

Indians are quick and impulsive in the matter of homicide. They are slow to grapple with anything of a humorous nature, and all the humorous lecturers who have been on the Ute lecture course have lost money, but in the holocaust line or general arson, torture and massacre business they act with astonishing rapidity. As a race, they regard this entire land as their own, just as the mosquitoes claim New Jersey, simply because they were there first.

The Indians see that the property is improving and so they feel more and more wealthy and arrogant. They claim that they will never give up their rights unless they get hard up, and even then it will not count. They always have a mental reservation in these matters which they prefer to the reservation provided by the Government.

Indians naturally dislike to see these lands in the possession of wealthy men whose sons earn a precarious livelihood by playing lawn tennis.

Colorow once made a short speech to his troops, which was taken down at the same time by a gentleman who was present and who was collecting material for a new third reader for our common schools.

Colorow claimed that it was incorrect, and the notes were found afterwards on the stenographer's body. It is about as ticklish business to report an Indian speech as it is to poltice a boil on the person of the Ameer of Cabul.

"In closing Colorow said: 'Warriors, our sun is set. We are most of us out on third base and we have no influence with the umpire.'

"Once I could stand on the high ground and one should would fill the forest with warriors. Now the wailing wind catches up my cry and bears it away like the echo of our former greatness, and I hear a low voice murmur, 'Rats.'

"Whisky and refinement have filled our land with sorrow. The white man crossed the dark waters in his large canoe and filled the forest with churches and railroad accidents.

"The Indian loves not to make money and own aldermen for which he has no use. He loves his wives and his children and trusts them with the responsibility of doing all his work. The white man comes to us with honeyed words and says if we will divide our lands with him he will give us a present, and when we give him a county and a half he gives us a red collar-button and a blue book, in which he has written in his strange and silent language, 'When this you see, remember me.' Our warriors are weak and have the hearts of women. They are not for the warpath or the chase. Most of them want to go on the stage. Once my warriors went with me at a moment's warning to clean up a foe. They slept in the swamps and the rattle-snakes at night and fought like wolves in the daytime. Now my warriors will not go on the warpath without a valise, and some of them want to carry their dinner.

"Some day, like the fall of a mighty oak in the forest, Colorow will fall to the earth and he will rise no more. You will be scattered to the four winds of heaven, and you will go no more to battle. Some of you will starve to death, while others will go to New York and wear a long linen duster, with price of out-rate tickets down the back. Some of you will die with snakes in your moccasins, and others will go to Jerusalem to help rob the Deadwood coach.

"Warriors, I thank you for your kind attention and appreciation. The regular outbreak will begin to-morrow evening at early candle light. The massacre will open with a song and dance."

Colorow dresses plainly in a coat of paint and a gun.—*Bill Nye, in New York World*.

A New Boot-Making System.

A new system of boot-making has been perfected in which the method of securing the soles, uppers, and insoles together is the exact reverse of the ordinary wholesale system. In the latter the uppers are attached to the insoles by small tacks, the points of which in time protrude into the wearer's feet, besides which their use is accompanied by other disadvantages. The sole is then scored or channeled round to receive the stitching, by which it is of course weakened and its water-resisting power greatly reduced. In the "Ab Intra" system the tacks are deftly put into the insole by a handy machine, the flat heads of the nails being flush with the surface of the insole and toward the wearer's feet.

The insole is then placed on the last with the point upward, and the upper is pulled over them and made fast by means of a hollow tool with which the operator presses down the leather over the point of each nail. The sole is then placed over the protruding points of the nails and hammered down, a few smart blows serving to secure the sole to the upper and insole. So perfectly are the three united that it requires tools and great force to separate them. The secret of this great cohesive power lies in the form of the nail, which has a shoulder near its point and in sections resembles an open harpoon. Hence, when driven into leather, the latter closes over the shoulder of the nail and defies all but the most severe efforts to extract it. After the sole has been secured the boot is finished in the usual way, the time occupied in fixing the sole being about half that required in the ordinary machine-boot process. The value of the system is strongly attested by practical boot manufacturers, and it appears likely to effect a marked change in the condition of the wholesale boot manufacturing trade.—*London Times*.

Soda Water.

The drinking of, so-called, soda-water is becoming more and more general. There are nearly seven thousand fountains in Boston alone. They are found not only in drug stores, but in restaurants, bar-rooms, confectionery stores, and retail merchant establishments. One house in the city has a fountain which costs between five and six thousand dollars!

All are familiar with the effervescence and foam that attend the mixing in water of carbonate of soda and tartaric acid. As the term "soda" is applied both to the fountain and to the drink issuing from it, one naturally supposes that there is soda in the foaming fluid he is taking.

It is not so, however. The water is charged with carbonic acid, and is flavored and sweetened with some one of the various syrups. The carbonic acid gas is forced into the water with a pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch, and it is the escape of this gas when the faucet is turned and the water flows into the tumbler that causes the foaming.

The gas was formerly obtained from carbonate of soda, and hence the present name, which still clings to it; but it is now obtained from marble, which is a carbonate of lime. Marble is simply lime and carbonic acid chemically combined. The union is a weak one. Sulphuric acid has a much stronger affinity for the lime than the carbonic acid has, and upon being poured on powdered marble, releases the carbonic acid, which is then absorbed by the water. It makes no difference with the drink whether the carbonic acid is obtained from soda or from marble, since nothing but the acid passes into the water.

In and in the neighborhood of large cities the sellers of soda-water do not charge their own fountains. It is done for them at large central establishments.

The question has been put to us if soda-water is wholesome. Almost any acidulated drink is pleasant in summer, and it often meets a real need of the system. Probably carbonated water is as wholesome as any.

We should advise less of the syrup than is commonly taken, partly because it is not apt to be pure, and partly because, even if pure, it is not very good for the stomach. "Plain soda" is better than soda with syrup, and, after a little time, quite as pleasant as that.

We believe that care is taken to have the water pure, and to keep the apparatus free from corrosive matter, and when this done no harm is likely to result from a moderate resort to the fountain.—*Companion*.

Standing by the Newsboy.

"You appear to have finished your paper; may I glance at it?" asked a man of another on a train from Atlantic City the other morning. The man who made the request had refused several times to buy a paper at the solicitation of a newsboy. "I have finished reading," remarked the gentleman addressed, "but I am putting the paper to another use now. As you see, I have it spread over my clothes and it serves to keep the dust off." Then the man who wanted to borrow a perusal of the news leaned forward and made a similar request of the man in front of him. But that man could not spare his journal as it served to keep the sun out of his eyes. The persistent fellow made a third attempt to get the paper through charity and failed. Then he bought a paper. "If youse people would act that way with all them fellers," remarked the train boy, a little later, "I'd make more money. That's the first time this season that man has bought a paper. He rides three times a week with me, and always manages to borrow somebody else's paper after they are through with it."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Gall" Classified as Freight. Scene—Kentucky Central railroad general office, Covington, Ky., before passage of interstate-commerce act. Sam Morse, the general passenger agent, sitting on an air-cushion to keep cool.

Enter theatrical agent. "Good morning, Mr. Morse. Want to run down the line. Can you fix me out?"

S. M.—"Certainly, sir, with pleasure; where are you going?" T. A.—"Lexington."

S. M. (handing theatrical man's card to the clerk)—"Make out a pass to Lexington and return."

T. A. (taking the pass)—"Thanks. By the way, Mr. Morse, I would like to run over to Washington while down that way. Can you fix me over your connecting line?"

S. M.—"No. I have none of their blank passes; besides you could not ride on their passenger trains."

T. A.—"Why, how is that, coaches crowded?" S. M.—"Well no, not that, but their classification requires that gall in large quantities shall be transported by freight."—*Chicago Mail*.

The Secret of Success.

The secret of getting the most out of men, of getting out of them more than their wages, of securing a service which is never paid for, because it cannot be estimated in wages, is to make them the sharers of the enthusiasm which you feel yourself, and make them feel not only that they are well paid for their services, but that they are thoroughly appreciated for their best work. If you touch a man always on his best side, sooner or later you make this best side the equivalent of the whole man, and then it is comparatively easy to keep him at his best. This is the secret of the success of individual man in great enterprises. They have not only thought large themselves, but have made other men wise co-operators with them, and used their joint labors in reaching a single result.—*Boston Herald*.

You may call this silly talk, but I'm talking to a silly crowd.—*Sam Jones in Baltimore*.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

CUSTARD EGGS.

Put the washed eggs in a saucepan of cold water and let them just come to a boil, then take them up. Or, lay them in a hot tin pail, cover them with boiling water, put the top on the pail and leave them on the kitchen table for four minutes. Drain off the water, pour on more boiling water, and replace the top. Wrap a hot towel about the pail and leave it four minutes before dishing the eggs. They will be like a soft custard throughout, and more digestible than if cooked in any other way.

FRESH MACKEREL.

Clean the fish, scald a bunch of herbs and chop them fine, and put them with one ounce of butter and three tablespoonfuls of soup stock into a stew-pan. Lay in the mackerel and simmer gently for ten minutes. Lift them out upon a hot dish; dredge a little flour and add salt, cayenne, a little lemon juice, and finally two tablespoonfuls of cream; let these just boil, and pour over the fish.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.

To one quart of boiling water add a teaspoonful of salt; stir in gradually a heaping half-pint of the finest hominy; boil three-quarters of an hour, and put it on the back of the range, where it will remain hot an hour longer; then put in a large bowl and add the beaten yolks of two eggs, mix it thoroughly, and when cold shape into cones; dip the cones in boiling egg, roll in crumbs, and fry in beaten fat.

POTATO FRITTERS.

Boil and peel six large potatoes or a dozen smaller ones; mash them well, and add four well-beaten eggs, a little cream or milk, chopped parsley, chives, salt, and pepper, and mix the whole together. Raise on the end of a knife about a teaspoonful of this paste, and drop it into a pan of boiling lard or butter, when the paste will swell and form a light, round fritter.

CORN BREAD.

Turn boiling water upon four quarts of meal and stir until it is all scalded, but not very moist. Then add one and a half quarts of sour milk or buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two cupfuls of sugar, and flour to make it as stiff as can be stirred. Bake in a six-quarter pan, in a moderate oven for two hours and a half.

TONGUE CHEESE.

Take one beef tongue, two calves' livers, three pounds of salt pork, and boil until thoroughly cooked. Mince together very fine, season to taste with spices, press the mass into a pan and allow to get cold. Slice thin and serve upon a napkin in a lunch dish.

FRIED APPLES.

Make a batter of two eggs, a pinch of salt, a cup of milk, and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Slice, pare, and core tart apples as thin as Saratoga potatoes. Dip them in the batter and fry. Eat with powdered sugar.

GRAHAM GEMS.

One quart of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, Graham flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in gem pans hot and well greased, in a hot oven. Try it.

GINGER CAKE.

One cup molasses, one cup sugar, two tablespoonfuls black pepper, two tablespoonfuls ginger, two of cinnamon, one cup butter, one-third cup sour milk, five cups flour, one teaspoonful soda.

WHITE CAKE.

Whites of six eggs, two cups sugar, three cups flour, one cup sweet milk, three-fourths cup butter, two teaspoonful soda.

SUGAR COOKIES.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, four eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor with nutmeg.

PICKLED EGGS.

Boil hard and put into cold water; when cool remove the shells; stick cloves into them and put in cold vinegar.

Luck or Pluck?

A great deal that is called luck in this world is only the result of patient industry. A rich merchant of Liverpool, Sir Joseph Walmisley, began life as a clerk on about a hundred dollars a year. His employers were grain-merchants, and the young man determined to learn all there was to know about grain. The man who had charge of the warehouse—"Old Peter," as he was called—saw that the boy was anxious to learn; so twice a week, in the morning, before breakfast, the two would go together to the stores and ships, examining the different kinds of grain. Old Peter would take a handful of all sorts, English, Irish, Scotch, American, European, and, spreading them on the table, would tell the boy to tell the characteristics of each sample. The pupil was bewildered at first, but persevered until he became an expert in the business. Very likely the people who knew nothing of those early morning lessons called the youth "lucky" as he began to amass wealth, but it is a kind of luck within the reach of every young person who is willing to work for it.

How Fatigue Operates.

After a study of some years, Prof. Mosso, of Turin, finds that when fatigue is carried beyond the moderate stage, at which it is decidedly beneficial, it subjects the blood to a decomposing process through the infiltration into it of substances which act as poisons, and, which, when injected into the circulation of healthy animals, induce uneasiness and all the signs of excessive exhaustion. When within the resisting power of the subject, fatigue has its pleasures and even joys, these being the expression of the organic consciousness that bodily loss of tissue is being balanced by reconstruction. Mosso's experiments were performed on Italian soldiers, and they proved, among the other results, that the stature and power of the modern warrior are fully equal to those of the ancient Roman.

PITH AND POINT.

A flea in the hand is worth two in the ear.—*Nebraska State Journal*.

Sealskins are the preferred stock at this time of year.—*New Haven News*.

One swallow tail does not make a waiter.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

A galley slave—The fellow who has three girls at a time.—*New Haven News*.

Toot terrible!—The blast of the amateur cornet player.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The Stockmen among the London rioters did not use shamrocks.—*New Haven News*.

We've noticed that a girl's "yes" generally has a genuine ring.—*Duluth Paraphraser*.

The successful lover thinks he is getting ahead when he is getting a heart.—*Boston Courier*.

They are having shaving contests in the East. The winner, of course, carries off the cup.—*Cleveland Sun*.

Carpet tacks are now made in drawing rooms by a ladyship steering her bustle and train.—*New Haven News*.

Fashions for males don't change much, still there is always a new wrinkle in

The Upsilonntian.

Fourteen thousand gallons of naphtha escaped into the sewers of Rochester, N. Y., last week, and the vapor coming in contact with mill fires caused a series of explosions over a wide district for an hour, blowing out man-hole covers and tearing up pavement, and leading people to think the day of doom had come. Three large mills turned, and several persons were killed and many injured.

Mansell's Almanac of Planetary Meteorology for 1888 is received—published by Richard Mansell, Rock Island, Ill., at 25 cts. per copy. We have been familiar with the publication for several years, and regard it the most valuable of its class of which we have any knowledge. It promises a fine January storm about the 8th and 9th, 23d, and 28th and 29th.

Rev. W. H. Davis, pastor of the First Congregational church of Detroit, declines an increase of \$500 in his salary tendered by the society, declaring that the church needs the money for local mission work. If that church does not enlarge her borders, it will not be the pastor's fault.

The best load of Christmas cattle sold last week at Buffalo were fed and raised by Gov. Luce of Michigan. They were shipped by a Bronson firm and sold at \$5.75 per cow. They averaged 1,667 pounds and were thoroughbred Durhams.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Detroit Free Press, in this issue. The Free Press is a good newspaper, if its politics is pizen, and people who must have pizen cannot do better than take it in the Free Press.

Mr. Moffatt's death is the fourth that has occurred among the members elected to the present Congress, and the fourth among Michigan members in service since the admission of the state into the Union.

Virginia has elected John S. Barbour of Alexandria to succeed Riddleberger in the Senate. Barbour is a Bourbon, but was not in the rebel army.

Why can't papers learn how to spell Pittsburgh? Three fourths of them omit the 'h'.

The Michigan Almanac for '88, with its usual valuable statistics, is on sale, at 15 cents.

Newcomb.
Mr. Eli Alban of Jackson is spending Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Alban.

Miss Minnie Russell has returned home from Elk Rapids and spent the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Lester Russell.

Miss Estella Downing has relinquished the Island School on account of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. George Russell and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Russell, spent last Sunday with C. H. Greenman and family.

Mrs. Susie K. Hammond and her little son Louis are visiting with friends at Fremont.

Will Dawson of Detroit is spending the holidays with his friends in this place.

James Cosgrove, who went north some weeks ago to work on a railroad, has returned home to Ypsilanti town.

Mr. B. D. Kelley, one of our enterprising farmers of the south part of Ypsilanti town and a breeder of the famous Shropshire down sheep, has improved the looks of his house by new siding and a porch along the front. Adding a kitchen at the rear, and a new coat of paint gives a good effect and the house now ranks among the nicest looking houses between Whitaker and Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Adair spent Christmas with Mrs. Adair's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Willings.

Miss Annie L. Greenman was on the sick list last week.

David Walters of Ypsilanti spent Christmas with his parents in the Island district.

J. M. Breining's folks indulged in the pleasure of a Christmas tree at their house on Christmas Eve, much to the enjoyment of quite a large number of their friends and relatives.

Born to Henry Walters and wife of Larned, Kansas, Dec. 22, a son, quite a number of the relatives of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Hammond assembled at the house of the latter last Tuesday to help them celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage.

Well, brother Gilbert, you will hear from Greenman a little more regularly in the future. Cody must answer for himself.

Mr. James Culverson died near Oil City, Penn. last week, of Bright's disease, aged 45 years. The remains were brought to this place for interment accompanied by his wife, sister-in-law and little children. He leaves an aged mother and three sisters in this community to mourn his loss. His mother, Mrs. Culverson, who is now over 80, lives with Mr. and Mrs. Willings. His sisters are Mrs. Willings, Mrs. David Mason and Mrs. Angelo Snodgrass. They all have our sincere sympathy in their affliction.

Mr. John Bird is in very poor health at this writing but we hope to see John around again soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Breining have gone to Morley, Kent county, on a visit to one of Mrs. B.'s brothers.

The sad news comes to us of the death of little Sarah Bissell, niece of Mrs. Emeline Hammond. Her home was at Custer, Mich.

The ladies of Carpenter Relief Corps and their friends who got up the supper for the Light Guard dance, last Thursday, are deserving of much praise for the way they persevered under difficulties to get up the supper, and by so doing added about \$8 to their depleted treasury. The ones who were most instrumental in the work were Mrs. E. W. Bowen, Mrs. Grove Seavey, Mrs. Mary U. Russell, Mrs. Lane Nisely, Mrs. Jones Foresyth, Mrs. Albert Foresyth, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Coquillard, Mrs. David Carpenter, Mrs. Oren Carpenter, and Mrs. Clough, besides one or two more whom we do not now call to mind. The boys say they were treated to a most excellent supper by those ladies and hope that success may crown all the efforts put forth for the good of the distressed soldiers and their families.

Northfield.

The celebration of Christmas last Friday evening at the Leland church was quite an enjoyable affair for both old and young. The church was not elaborately trimmed as is generally done on such occasions, but two very fine evergreen trees whose tops touched the ceiling and which were finely decorated with presents made a very nice display in the back part of the Church. There were a number of recitations by the children, wherein they acquitted themselves with much credit. The choir interspersed the exercises with excellent music. Joshua Laraway, our Sabbath School superintendent, and Henry Robinson, merchant at Leland Station, and Miss Greenman, a labor school teacher were abundant in labor in preparing for the occasion. In the absence of the Pastor a brief address was made by the Rev. S. L. Ramsdell. The fact that old Santa Claus himself made his appearance, added zest to the exercises. He did not make his advent as usual down the chimney but came

through the scuttle hole in the ceiling of the church to the gallery and then adjusting a ladder descended into the midst of the congregation and proceeded to make himself busy in the distribution of presents to the great delight of the children and grown people alike. In such entertainments people not only spent a pleasant hour but the kindlier feelings of their nature are aroused and they are brought a little nearer together. A thing much to be desired in this selfish world.

On Christmas day at the home of the bride's father in Salem, Walter Sober and Miss Leah Brokaw were married by the Rev. S. L. Ramsdell. Just a few relatives were present. The dinner was elegant and the presents useful and appropriate.

DE BENNETT
Will be at the Hawkins House Tuesday, Jan. 3, and there is no man in all Michigan that has the experience of giving the results in treating chronic troubles. Piles of all kinds, no matter what the complication, cured without knife, ligature or pain. Hernia, every case he touches, gets well, and only one week to know it is done.

Go and see him Tuesday, as it will cost no one anything to learn how he does it.

Dressmaking.
Miss Viola Hoffman has established a dressmaking establishment in the rooms over the Ypsilanti office, and respectfully solicits patronage in that line. Satisfaction guaranteed. 416-17

For Sale.
A fine diamond stud, address lock box 2853, Ann Arbor. 415-17

For Sale.
A good residence for sale, one block from Union seminary, very cheap. Address Box 809, Ypsilanti, Mich. 41

The Ypsilanti Sanitarium.
The Mineral Baths given at this institution are sure cure for Colds, Catarrh, Sciatica, Lame Back, Rheumatism and Salt Rheum. 41

Choice Wood for Sale.
Hickory, Maple, Beach and mixed wood by J. Everts Smith. Leave orders at the grocery store of A. H. Smith. 41

One Bath.
At the Ypsilanti Sanitarium will cure a cold, if the bath be taken in time. 41

Many New Ideas
in the home cure of diseases, accidents, and how to treat them, and many hints of value to the sick will be found in Dr. Kaufman's great Medical Work, elegant illustrations. Send three 2 cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free. 1718

Having sold out my hardware business, all persons indebted to me will please call and settle. J. H. SAMPSON.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st. 454

BARNUM & EARL

BUY YOUR

HOLIDAY GOODS

Where you know you will get

GOOD ARTICLES

—AT THE—

LOWEST PRICES

We guarantee our prices to be the LOWEST for goods of equal quality. We have everything in

WATCHES

that is desirable, and the new patterns in

Jewelry, Chains, Rings

SOLID SILVER and PLATEDWARE.

We can offer you many bargains not obtainable elsewhere. Call and see.

BARNUM & EARL

27 Congress Street.

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS!

—FOR—

CANDIES, FRUITS AND NUTS

—AND—

CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENTS.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Complete Stock of Candies in the City.

F. A. OBERST.

Follett House Block, Cross St.

JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S.

DENTAL ROOMS

Over the Bee Hive,

UNION BLOCK, - CONGRESS ST.

Vitalized Air if desired.

Farmers' Vigilance Association.

The annual meeting of the Farmers' Vigilance Association of the Townships of Augusta, Ypsilanti, Pittsfield and York, will be held at the Lowden school house in the Township of Augusta on Tuesday, the third day of January, 1888, at 7 p. m.

J. L. LOWDEN, Sec.

Notice to Stockholders.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Ypsilanti, Michigan, for the election of Directors, will be held at the office of said bank in Ypsilanti, on Tuesday, January 10, 1888, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., of said day. Ypsilanti, Dec. 8, 1887.

W. L. PAER, Cashier.

Taxes—1887:

The Treasurer of the township of Ypsilanti will be at the grocery store of Arthur H. Smith, on Friday and Saturday during December, to receive and receipt for the tax of said township.

B. D. LOOMIS, Treasurer.

Have you seen those cream candies at 29 cents per pound at F. A. Oberst's?

For Rent.

I have for rent the store room at the northeast corner of Congress and Adams streets—a suitable place for sewing machine, insurance, Doctor's office, or some light business. Liberal terms to the right party. AUSTIN GEORGE.

Grand Holiday Display

—AT THE—

CITY MEAT MARKET,

HURON ST.

We have the largest and best stock of Fresh and Salt Meats, Turkeys, etc., in the city. Call and see.

Smoked Hams, - 12 Cents

Smoked Bacon, - 12 Cents

Smoked Shoulders, 8 Cents

H. Fairchild & Co.

No. 6 UNION BLOCK.

E. M. CURTIS.

N. CORDARY,

GROCERIES!

Has on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of Groceries, such as

TEAS AND COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES,

TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.,

Which will be sold on a very small margin. Special attention will be given to FARMERS, COUNTRY MERCHANTS, and other parties desiring to avail themselves of our

JOBBING PRICES by buying in large quantities.

The Highest Market Prices paid for Butter and Eggs either in Cash or Trade.

N. Cordary, Congress St., Near Iron Bridge.

YPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY:

MONDAY, JANUARY 2.

You Must Laugh on New Year's Evening.

Sisson & Cawthorn's Comedy Co.,

Under the Management of S. W. Brady, presenting

LITTLE NUGGET!

The Brightest, Funniest and Best Musical Comedy ever written, headed by the Talented Young Irish Comedian.

HERBERT CAWTHORN

Able supported by the Charming Soubrette and Accomplished Vocalist.

MISS JOSIE SISSON!

The Favorite Eccentric Comedian.

OSCAR SISSON

And a Competent Company of carefully selected Vocal and Comedy Artists.

New and Wonderful Scene and Mechanical Effects.

Prices 25, 35, 50 and 75 Cts.

Seats on sale at S. H. Dodge's.

NORMAL

Lecture & Music Course

Entertainments in this Course are arranged for the following dates:

LECTURE—Tuesday evening, Jan. 3,

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Massachusetts,

Subject—Wendell Phillips and his Times.

LECTURE—(Extra) Tuesday, Jan. 17,

Herr von Finkelslein,

Subject—Homes and Haunts of Jesus; the Fellowship of Farmers of Palestine.

LECTURE—Thursday evening, Jan. 26,

Frank Beard, the Chalk-Talk Artist,

Subject—The Mission of Humor.

LECTURE—Thursday evening, Feb. 9,

Wallace Bruce, of New York,

Subject—Robert Burns.

CONCERT—Tuesday evening, Feb. 14,

The Welsh Prize Singers,

from the Cardiff Choir, Wales.

LECTURE—Tuesday evening, Feb. 21,

Col. Augustus Jacobson,

the originator of the Chicago Manual Training School,

Subject—Manual Training.

CONCERT—Tuesday evening, March 6,

The Clara Louise Kellogg Concert and Opera Co.

The evening's program will consist of two parts:

I. A Grand Concert of Eight Numbers.

II. The entire Third Act of Gounod's Grand Opera "Faust," given in costume with appropriate stage setting.

LECTURE—(Extra) Monday, March 19,

Rev. John DeWitt Miller, of Connecticut,

Subject—The Uses of Ugliness.

The above dates are subject to change. A date for the remaining extra will be announced as soon as arranged.

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Lecture & Music Course

Entertainments in this Course are arranged for the following dates:

LECTURE—Tuesday evening, Jan. 3,

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Massachusetts,

Subject—Wendell Phillips and his Times.

LECTURE—(Extra) Tuesday, Jan. 17,

Herr von Finkelslein,

Subject—Homes and Haunts of Jesus; the Fellowship of Farmers of Palestine.

LECTURE—Thursday evening, Jan. 26,

Frank Beard, the Chalk-Talk Artist,

Subject—The Mission of Humor.

LECTURE—Thursday evening, Feb. 9,

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